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Confessions of a Pack-Rat Reader

Jenna Iden
NSU University School

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CONFESSIONS OF A PACK-RAT READER

JENNA IDEN

My room is an eclectic collection from the life of a pack-rat-reader. I have full series about knights and wizards, bordered by 1984 and double-bound edition of *Black Beauty* and *Anne of Green Gables*. The list also includes random Japanese manga (graphic novels) and a few cookbooks (as if could do any more than boil water on my own.). My bookshelves have collected a little taste of each era in my life, bridging the *Berenstein Bears* to Dan Brown, Dahl to Dickens, and Mr. Popper's Penguins to *Midsummer Night's Puck*.

About once a year, sheer organization forces me to give away a box full of books, but it is hard to pick which childhood memories to give away. *Ben and Me*, the story about the mouse that completely influenced Ben Franklin, will never leave my shelves; I used to read it every night with my mother. I picked up the "Shoes" books (*Ballet Shoes*, *Theater Shoes*, *Dancing Shoes*) when I first picked up my own jazz shoes. I really cannot give up my books. My bedroom is physically unable to fit my hungrily bookcase comfortably, but it doesn't matter. I need a bed to sleep, a light to read, and a bookcase to be.